

[SRP to DWP-11-12-1984, p. 3]

I explained that I found them on the lawn by the Scranton house on the grounds of the University of Scranton. WSP: "Well, I'll be going. I just wanted to let you know how things stand." SRP: "Thank you. I appreciate your telling me what you have." WSP and I examined my tulip/crocus bed (the bulbs you gave me) and WSP explained what I should do to winterize the bed — "just about six inches of dead leaves on top of the whole bed" — and then WSP called out: "Jackson, where are you?" Jackson materialized instantly and he and WSP got into the Eagle and went down the hill. Weak in the knees, I came back in the building and immediately put on my tape of Mahler's Symphony No. 9; I ^{cleaned up after Jackson & then} bathed, made myself some tea and immediately began this letter to you. The truly sublime final movement of the Mahler symphony is now permeating every nook & cranny of Elkdale Hall. At the moment, I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Regards —
SRobert

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**"Pray for the dead and
fight like hell for the
living."**

Mary Harris Jones,
a.k.a. Mother Jones
(1830-1930)
Motto

2 P.M. —
snow flurries
mixed in with
very cold rain.
Several inches
of snow would
be very nice
this afternoon.
I'm ready.

5 P.M. — at least
an inch of
snow on the
ground
already.
Hurrah
for winter.

The WSP visit — see my letter of today to DWP. As I was making a copy of that letter for my journal, I heard a car door slam. I looked out and saw a man & boy walking in the field across the road; a small car was stopped up by the Eastern edge of "my" property and two young guys were in it — the driver was the reddish-haired wild creature from Hochin's Vo-Tech class — the one who wanted to know if he could hunt on my property. He recognized me and came over in the car. The young guy who was with the man in Alvin's field had been despatched from the car to see if the trio in the car could hunt in the nearby fields. No man in the field (who was gathering ground pine in a huge burlap pouch/bag) and SRP both told the trio to ask Alvin Seaman. I made it clear that I wasn't giving them permission to do anything except park their car in my yard. I don't want to get into any trouble with any of my neighbors. The trio went out into Terry Budge's meadow, guns loaded, looking for rabbits. The Vo-Tech guy, who is assidue to the point of being pushy, asked me if I had any cigarettes. I came in and got one of the sample 6-packs